

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVIII.

STANFORD KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1890.

NO. 84

## AT COST FOR CASH.

NOW is the Time to Buy Your Holiday Presents in Watches, Clocks,  
JEWELRY OR SILVERWARE.

I am offering everything in my stock of Jewelry at cost for CASH only. Look at the prices: 8-day Clocks \$3, worth \$5; 1-day Clocks at \$2.50, worth \$4. Watches worth \$100 at \$70; worth \$30 at \$20, worth \$20 at \$14, worth \$15 at \$10. B. W. Raymond's movements, gilt, \$17.50; Nickel, \$20. Hampden Railway movement at \$18.75. Seven Jewel movements, \$5 to \$6.25. Everything else in proportion. I have the largest stock ever brought to Stanford and have lately opened a large stock of new goods bought especially for the Holiday trade. Buy now while you have a large stock to select from. Come and examine my stock and prices—but bring the money with you as the sale is POSITIVELY for CASH.

A. R. PENNY.

## If You are Looking for Sensible, Desirable,

USEFUL ARTICLES THAT MAKE PLEASING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

## Go to The Cash Bargain Store,

Opposite Portman House, Stanford. You'll not be disappointed. Plenty of goods and

## Low Prices Rule Throughout

The Entire Stock. If you don't know what to buy, look over this list; perhaps it may suggest something.

Colored Cashmere or Henrietta Dress Pattern, wool fill, 25c per yard; all wool Tricot in colors, 25c per yard; 10 yards best Indigo Blue Calico for 50c; 2,000 yards of Standard Prints 4c per yard; nice warm Woolen Shawls \$1, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.25; 100 black Fur Muffs 50 each; Linen Table Covers with Napkins to match \$1, \$2 and \$2.50; 200 different patterns in Silk Mufflers 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 each. The Grandest Display in Silk Handkerchiefs ever brought to Stanford; prices to suit all, from 25c to \$2.50. Ladies' Rubber Circulars \$1 and \$1.25 each.

## The Big Double Store-Room Will Be Full of Bargains to Suit All in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps, Clothing, Trunks, Valises, Groceries, &c.

The only place in Stanford you can exchange your Produce for goods. Bring your Eggs along and get 22c per dozen. Five dozen Eggs will buy a pair of Lady's Kid Button Shoes worth \$1.75. Call to see the line of Satteen Comforts, \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25. Blankets 10-4, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$2.90 per pair. 300 Lady's Ribbed Jersey fitting Vests only 20c each. Thirteen pounds Standard Granulated Sugar \$1. Arbuckle Coffee 25c; 4 lbs. Soda for 25c; 14 pounds light Brown Sugar for \$1. This GREAT CLEARANCE SALE will continue for a few weeks only. Do not delay, but come early, before the rush. You can not mistake the place; follow the crowd; Big Double Room opposite Portman House, Stanford, Ky.

**JOE S. JONES.**

## Christmas Goods,

Holiday Trix in Great Variety, at

## R. Zimmer's.

I have just received and opened a large and well selected lot of Christmas Goods, including

Toys, Dolls and Games of Every Description.

Also

## THE LARGEST LINE OF CANDIES

Both French and common, ever brought to Stanford. Nuts and Fruits in great variety. See my stock before you buy your Santa Claus supplies. Remember you can get a Good Meal at any time for 25 cents at my Restaurant. OYSTERS served in any style and for sale in bulk.

### Logans Creek and Dix River.

—P. S. W. Robinson sold to John Logan 10 head of fat steers at 24. Alex Holtzclaw had a valuable horse to get foaled on corn a few days ago. Col. J. M. Beazley sold to Joel Embry, of Madison, a small lot of fat cattle at 3 cts. —Mr. Thomas Dudderar, better known as Golight, is expected home Saturday. His friend, Mr. Johnson, will return with him; also from Middlesboro. Mrs. H. M. Ballou and daughter, Miss Angie, of Lancaster, spent several days with relative here, Misses Lizzie Porter and Alice Beazley, who have been on the sick list for several days, are reported much improved at this writing. Mrs. James Dudderar, nee Lear, who is spending the week with her parents in Upper Garrard, will return in a few days, accompanied by several of her lady friends, who will remain in our neighborhood until after Christmas. Bob and Bunn Gaines are in Shelbyville, where they will remain 7 or 8 days visiting friends and relatives. Miss Lydia D. Rice, who has been attending school at Stanford since September, leaves to-day for her home near Taylorsville. Mr. J. W. Adams will move his family to Somerset next week, provided he can't purchase a place more suitable before that time. Mr. Adams is a good neighbor and an excellent trader and we regret his departure. Mr. Henry Hester will move to the property now occupied by him. Let her come! Christmas is almost here and we are anticipating an immense time, as there will be several entertainments in society during the week.

Trains are telescoped when they meet each other on the same track.

### CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The Georgetown Baptists are preparing to build a \$15,000 church. —The protracted meeting at the Winchester Baptist church, conducted by Rev. S. N. Prestridge, closed, says the Sun, with 17 additions. —The choir of a Poughkeepsie church is on a strike because the preacher stopped them and said: "There, that will do! You had better sing that in the woods!" —Rev. Father Bernard B. Kelley, who was ordained a priest in Cleveland, O., 20 years ago, died Sunday in Mobile, Ala., a wanderer and an outcast, ruined by drink.

—Rev. John Bell Gibson asks us to announce that on next Sunday morning he will preach on "The Fulfillment of Prophecy" and requests a large attendance of his members.

—Since Rev. William Hughes, a Baptist minister, began the movement which resulted in forming the first Bible society, over 40,000,000 copies of the Holy Scripture have been printed and circulated.

—D. J. Tribble, of Madison, sold to a Cincinnati party a couple of car-loads of fat cattle, weighing 1,600 pounds at 31 cents. —W. B. Kidd bought during the season just closed 4,732 cattle, average weight 1,550 pounds, and which brought \$305,150. Excepting 800 bought in Indiana, the others were bought in Clark, Bourbon, Montgomery and Fayette counties. Nearly all of them were purchased for Lehman & Bro., of Baltimore.—Winchester Democrat.

## Mack Huffman,

## Undertaker and Furniture Dealer,

Has just received a splendid lot of latest style

Antique and 16th Century Finish Chairs, with Silk, Plush and Crush Plush Seats.

TABLES IN SAME FINISH, OAK AND WALNUT, MARBLE TOP, PICTURES, COUCHES, &c., especially suitable for Christmas presents. His

General + Furniture + Line, Consisting of Sets, Wardrobes, Chiffoniers, &c., is also complete and full. Give him a call.

## SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., DECEMBER 19, 1890

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

50¢ PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

### K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Rowland at 7:00 a. m., returning at 5:45 p. m.

### L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North..... 11:30 a.m.  
" " South..... 1:15 p.m.  
Express train " South..... 1:50 p.m.  
Local Freight " North..... 3:47 p.m.  
" " South..... 5:35 p.m.

The latter trains also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1882.

**Dr. A. S. PRICE,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.

Office on Main street, over W. B. McRoberts' Drug Store, Stanford.

**R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.**  
**DENTIST.**

Office on Main street, opposite Portman House, up stairs. Nitrous Oxide Gas given for painless extracting.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

**DR. W. B. PENNY,**  
**Dentist.**

Office on South side Main street, in office recently vacated by Dr. L. F. Huffman, Stanford, Ky.

J. J. ALLEN. H. F. ATWOOD

**ALLEN & ATWOOD,**  
**REAL ESTATE AGENTS.**

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**GIVENS & MARION.**  
REAL ESTATE.

Pineville, Kentucky.

Town Lots, Coal, Iron and Timber Lands bought or sold on Commission. Correspondence solicited.

9-10-11

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL

J. B. OWENS, Manager.

Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

I have taken charge of this popular hotel and intend to run it in a first-class manner. It is well located and painted from top to bottom. The building is being renovated and everything done to make it pleasant and comfortable for guests. That shall never be surpassed by hotelists in this section. J. B. OWENS.

9-10-11

THE RILEY HOUSE,

F. B. RILEY, Proprietor.

London, Kentucky.

I have moved to my new Hotel and am better prepared than ever to accommodate the public. Good Livery attached and every convenience desired. Give me a call.

77 FRANK RILEY.

C. A. BENEDICT & CO.,

Well Drillers & Pump Adjusters.

TANFORD, KY.

Wells drilled to order and Pumps furnished at factory prices.

30



IF YOU WANT  
**GOOD BREAD**

AND A HAPPY COOK, USE

**CREAM FLOUR**

MADE BY

**LEXINGTON ROLLER MILLS COMPANY,**

LEXINGTON, KY.

### RECIPROCITY.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.) In a former article we asserted that James G. Blaine was the less trickster and political demagogue of the 19th century; passing events have served to strengthen the conviction. When Mr. Cleveland sent his great tariff message to Congress, Mr. Blaine with unseemly haste cabled from Paris his pronouncements, taking the most direct and positive grounds against the message. This declaration of Mr. Blaine and his succeeding campaign speeches largely gave direction to republican sentiment on the tariff, were potent in Harrison's election and as a final sequence, the passage of the McKinley bill. In the light of his previous conduct, it is difficult to surmise Mr. Blaine's real motives in antagonizing the McKinley bill. Possibly it was jealousy of Reed and McKinley; or it may have foreseen the storm of indignation brewing over the advocates of protection and determined to cast an anchor windward. Whatever may have been his real motives no doubt he now congratulates himself that he has made a most fortunate escape, and smiles complacently over Reed and McKinley hopelessly buried in the debris of the political cyclone.

Mr. Blaine's reciprocity project is a very transparent device to distract the minds of the people from the turpitude of republican legislation and furnish himself a hobby upon which he hopes to ride into the White House. Why must reciprocity be limited to China, Japan and the American States South of us? The American States, it is true, are situated on the same continent, but the people are not kindred or similar to us in any respect. Neither are they the material from which civilization is formed. They are Spanish, mongrel, Negro and Indian; their religion is the lowest type of Catholicism; they are superstitious and ignorant beyond our powers of conception and in the main idle and worthless. Spaniards are the ruling class; and Spain herself is the tail end of the Latin race. She has been in a State of decadence for more than three centuries and her colonies, wherever planted, have proved turbulent and thristless.

Says Mr. Blaine, "The McKinley bill has not provided a market for a pound of bacon or bushel of wheat." But he proposes at one bound to make the farmer rich and happy by "Carrying coals to Newcastle." Who ever heard of the people of a thinly settled country, of vast area and fertile soil, being compelled to import agricultural products? Neither do China and Japan, to which nations this reciprocity is also to apply, purchase our provisions and grain to any considerable extent. These are an antiquated people, abstemious and exclusive in their habits and import but little. None of these nations has at present any specially restrictive law against our farm products. Our farmers are compelled to sell in the open market of the world and therefore have as much access to the markets of these nations, under present conditions as they are likely to secure under any reciprocal arrangement. Ah, but says Congress in its assembled wisdom, you must buy from us, if you do not, we shall place a heavy import duty on your tea, sugar and coffee. Yes, it proposes to extort from our own over-taxed masses, as far as on the necessities of life, a hundred million dollars annually. What for? To punish the mongrels of South America and the heathens of China and Japan because they will not walk up and help pay the republican fiddler. It is highly improbable that the astute statesmen of the republican party have the least idea that their reciprocity project will result in any benefit to the farmer or masses, but they perceive that by their finely planned scheme, if all else fails, it will be a plausible excuse to reimpose tariff duties on these necessities of life and supply large revenue to an exhausted treasury. The prevailing idea no doubt is that reciprocity can be so managed as to greatly injure to the benefit of the manufacturing interest, at all times and places the especial pet of the republican party.

Under a natural condition of trade the United States would export many manufactured articles to countries named. But our high-pressure tariff has destroyed our shipping and so enhanced the value of everything we produce that we are unable to compete with other nations in manufactured goods. The very fact that high tariff is necessary to keep foreign goods from our own market is an open admission that we do not expect to export any protected article for sale in the open market of the world.

But there is sought to be conveyed with this term, reciprocity, a vague and mysterious notion that the present government possesses the power to make some special arrangement with these countries whereby we shall monopolize their trade. No such power exists, nor can exist in this age. Reciprocity means mutual conditions, resulting to the injury of neither party. Nations in this day are guided strictly by economic principles in their commercial relations. They sell where they can sell for most and buy where they can buy for least. South America, China, Japan, &c., will never buy from us as long as they can secure the same products cheaper elsewhere. The utmost extent of our power is to allow these countries free trade with us. England long ago granted this to all nations, without asking or requiring any reciprocity; and many other nations have

been much more liberal in trade than ours. Hence we but stultify ourselves in asking a premium for our trade, when these countries have from others all the advantages we can bestow and to the full extent of their wants.

Mr. Blaine and his party refuse the possible and reach out after the impossible; ignore the worthy and seek the unworthy. They are deaf to the appeals of the impoverished and struggling masses of their own country and refuse comity to the English-speaking race, but under the thinnest subterfuge would seek to add still more to the swollen eddies of the rich, and enter into the closest relations with the semi-civilized nations of China, Japan and South America. Mr. Blaine is greatly disturbed because for a few years we have admitted to and conferred free of duty, and now proposes to retain unless certain things are done. For half a century England has received free of duty all our agricultural products. If we are so greatly disturbed over a little tea and coffee, how must she feel under the free import of many times as much; and that too while we are constantly trying to impose prohibitive duties on all her products. Suppose England, France and Germany retaliate on us, which is not by any means an improbable supposition, then will the last vestige of hope be taken from the farmer. But the reason is perfectly obvious why Mr. Blaine and his party will not reciprocate with Canada, England, France and Germany. It is not the farmer or the oppressed masses over whom they are agonizing, but the rich manufacturer and monopolist. The republican party know they are hopelessly in the minority if left to the unbiased vote of the people. They foresee that 1892 will usher in one of the most bitter political struggles ever witnessed on the continent. They want fat, bound to have fat, and plenty of it, to lubricate their "blocks of fat." J. S. REPPERT, Dec. 12, 1890.

### A Plea for Aid.

O Thou whose love is not confined to temples made with hands, enlarge my heart to worship Thee. Help me to see Thee where men see only the world, to hear Thee where men only hear the voices of the crowd. Enlarge the range of my reverence. Teach me to realize the awful solemnity of the things which I call common. Impress me with the truth that the meanest household duty is a service to Thee; that the smallest act of kindness is a praise of Thee; that the tiniest cup of water, though it were given only in a disciple's name, is a worship and a love of Thee. Help me to feel the sense of Thy presence everywhere, that even in the prosaic haunts of men and in the commonplace battles of life I may be able to lift up mine eyes and say: "This is none other than the House of God, this is the gate of Heaven."—Matheson.

### OUR DEPENDENCE.

A Fitting Illustration of Duty in a Child's Truthfulness.

A sense of fear is a necessary element in the character of a dependent being. The man who never knows what fear is knows not what dependence is; and the man who knows not what dependence is has no appreciation of the right relations between himself and God. When in the middle of a summer night a child is suddenly awakened by a crash of thunder overhead, and clings with spasmodic grasp to its father, and hides its head close under his shoulder, the child shows its sense of absolute dependence. It is really no more dependent upon its father than than at other times, so far as outward protection from danger is concerned. But its fear and terror have given it a new and quickened sense of its dependent relation to its father. And it is the expression of that dependence that comes with grateful sense to the father, even while he suffers in sympathy with the mental agony of his child. Is it not so in our relations to God? The "Fear not" and the "Be not afraid,"—are they not invitations to show our dependence upon God? It may be right to fear, in order that we may not do wrong in getting our dependent relations as earthly children of a heavenly Father.—S. S. Times.

### WISE SAYINGS.

—It is less success than faithfulness which Christ approves.—Advance.

—When selfishness comes in, smiling, through one door, love walks out, grieving, through another.—Standard.

—He that is indifferent to the poor is no Christian; no matter what his creed or his professed experience.—The Workman.

—That which is improper before one person in the parlor, in a theatrical audience of fifteen hundred people is often hundred times more improper.—Talmage in N. Y. Observer.

—For every progress in strenuous work for God there must have been a slaying of the selfishness which urges us to work in our own strength and for our own sake.—W. W. Advocate.

—Man never is, but always to be blest." That is the language of unbelief. Certainly hope is a grace which fills the soul with joy, but the blessings of salvation are not all in the future.—United Presbyterian.

—Christians often afflict their minds with thoughts and anxieties as to how they will meet death when it finally comes. The proper disposal of this question is to trust God for dying grace. If we have grace to live by, we may be sure that we shall have all needed grace to die by, when the event comes. God will then give us the grace of victory over death. The grace will come when we actually need it.—N. Y. Independent.

—One of 4,005,408,206 pieces of matter came in the mails the last fiscal year 375,509,169 were dead-head, of which 307,141,340 were newspapers, free within the county of publication.

### WOMEN WRITERS' GOWNS

#### DO NOT IMAGINE THEY ARE NOT STYLISH.

Olive Harper Tells How Some of Them Were Gowned at a Recent Reception Given by the New York Woman's Press Club by Mrs. Bryan.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Those who imagine that literary ladies go in rag-tags, with unkempt hair, blem stockings and down-trotten slippers, ought to have been at a Press club reception that was given by Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, the editor and novelist, whom everybody loves.

Having leased the Menefee Stable, I now offer my NEW STABLE on Lancaster street for rent. It has ten large Box Stalls, and is a very fine place for a Jack and Horse Stud for the coming season. A large stable at the door. Call or address:

577 A. T. NUNNELL, Esq., Stanford

Twenty miles the shortest to

### QUEEN & CRESCENT



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CINCINNATI.

Making direct connections in Central Union depots.

St. Louis, Michigan Points, Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis and the West, Buffalo, Canada, New England, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Quickest line to

New York, Richmond, Virginia, Shortest and

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TEXAS, ARIZONA, MEXICO, CALIFORNIA.

The only through line to Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss., Shreveport, La., making direct connections without omnibus transfer to Dallas, Fort Worth, Austin, San Antonio, El Paso and points in

TEXAS, ARIZONA, MEXICO, CALIFORNIA.

For through rates consult County maps and tell information call on Agent at Junction City, Ky., or address:

TRAV. AGT., W. W. WOOLLEY,

C. C. HARVEY, D. G. EDWARDS,

Vice President, L. G. P. & T. A., Cincinnati.

Sec. 1. The undersigned, Chapman French, Jr. of Frankfort, Lincoln County, Ky., do hereby associate ourselves together as a corporation, under the provisions of Chapter 56 of the General Statutes of Kentucky, under the name of the Olive Cemetery Company at Olive, Lincoln County, Ky.

Sec. 2. The general nature of the business of this corporation shall be to acquire real and personal property by purchase, gift, devise, or in any other way, and to set apart the same for Cemetery purposes only.

Sec. 3. The amount of capital stock authorized to be issued in the name of the corporation shall consist of no more than two hundred (200) shares of the value of one dollar (\$1) each, the same to be paid in at the time and place of the organization of this Company.

Sec. 4. The amount of capital stock authorized to be issued in the name of said corporation shall begin on the 10th day of October, 1890, and shall continue for two years thereafter.

Sec. 5. The affairs of said corporation shall be conducted by a Board of Directors, composed of not less than five stockholders, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. Said Directors shall be elected annually by the stockholders.

The highest amount of indebtedness of liability to which this corporation shall subject itself shall be one-half of the paid up capital stock.

Sec. 6. She private property of the stockholders shall be exempt from the corporate debts.

Sec. 7. The Board of Directors shall have power to make and adopt such by-laws and regulations as they may deem proper, and, by said by-laws may create such offices as may be necessary to carry on the business of said corporation and to execute the duties of same. They may prescribe in said by-laws the hours required of any or all of said officers, and provide for the filling of vacancies and off-hands in the Board of Directors, and may prescribe the compensation for any services to be rendered by them.

Sec. 8. Any one may become a member of this corporation by subscribing for one or more shares.

This Company shall have power to receive donations by gift or by will or any other way to loan sums, provide for the care and support of the aged, infirm and disabled, and to give security for mortgages or any other safe method of securing. The principal of said fund can never be used, but the interest can be used for Cemetery purposes.

In testimony of the

## Commercial Hotel,

MCKINNEY, KY.

J. S. GOODE, Prop.

First-Class Accommodations at very Reasonable Rates.

Special Attention to Commercial Men.

Good Livery in connection.

## COMBEST & ALLEN,

LIVERYMEN.

### Houstonville, - Kentucky.

#### First-Class Turnouts

Furnished at the lowest living rates.

Give us a call when in this section.

## COOK & BOGLE,

THE MILLINERS,

### Houstonville, - - - Ky.,

Invite the public to call and see their beautiful line of

#### Trimmed Hats.

Work done artistically and on short notice. A portion of your patronage is solicited.

B. F. ROUT & CO.,  
FOR  
**BARGAINS**  
IN

#### Dry Goods, Groceries.

Boots, Shoes, Candies, &c.,

As cheap as can be found. Come and see us and be convinced.

## JOHN CARRIER,

ROWLAND, KY.,

Dealer in

#### Fruits, Confectionaries & Fancy Groceries.

Desires to call the attention of the public to the completeness of his stock and invites inspection of it. He will have a display of CHRISTMAS GOODS, which he invites every citizen of Rowland to see. Remember you can get a good lunch at any hour at his First Class Restaurant.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

I would respectfully inform my old friends and customers that I am again at work at my profession and would be pleased to receive any work in the way of

Watch, Clock or Jewelry Repairing.

Also repairing Sewing Machines, Guns, Pistols, Locks, &c. All

Work Neatly and Promptly Done

And Warranted by

THOMAS RICHARDSON, Stanford, Ky.

Room up stairs, Old Fellow's building, entrance next door to post office. 5th fl.

## OLD KY. ROUTE

Newport News & Mississippi Valley Co., N. E. D.

Solid Ventilated Trains to

### Washington, Philadelphia Baltimore, New York,

All points East and Southeast.

Only one night out from Lexington.

Corrected Time Card in Effect Nov. 16, 1890.

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## SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., - DECEMBER 19, 1890

W. P. WALTON.

HON. HENRY D. McHENRY, delegate to the constitutional convention from Ohio county, died suddenly Wednesday at his home at Hartford, whither he had gone a few days before somewhat complaining. During an active life of 64 years, Col. McHenry held many offices of honor and trust, having been representative, State Senator, Congressman and finally a member of the convention to frame another constitution for Kentucky, in which capacity his father served in the convention of '49. He had several times represented his State in national conventions and since 1870 has been Kentucky's representative on the National Democratic Committee. While not a great man, Col. McHenry was possessed of great energy and activity and died with all his might whatever heating real. He had taken quite a leading part in the convention and his loss will be felt in the body.

The news comes that Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, has been killed some more. Learning that he was about to depart for the Bad Lands, where all of the bad Indians are supposed to be congregated, a squad of Indian police was sent out to arrest him. This was accomplished, but his followers attempted to rescue him and in the fight which resulted, the chief, his son, Crow Foot, six other Indians and five policemen were killed. The cavalry that was supporting the police came up by this time and the Indians fled, leaving their women and children captives. It seems that the administration is determined to get up an Indian war whether or no.

A KILKENNY cat fight is literally in progress in Ireland between the Parnell and Davitt factions and such scenes as are enacted would bring to blush even the most disreputable election methods ever witnessed in this country. A general fight occurred at Kilkenney, where the two men spoke Tuesday, in which shillalahs were used and numerous heads broken. In the melee some scoundrels threw a handful of quick lime into Parnell's eyes, blinding him for a while and rendering surgical assistance necessary.

It has been a month and a half since the election, but Michigan is just declaring her official vote. It is good enough, however, to declare every day in the year. The democratic majority for governor is 11,520. Every democratic State candidate and 9 out of 11 Congressmen are elected. In the present Congress the representation is 8 to 9 republicans to 2 democrats. In 1888 the State went 22,911 for Harrison.

It seems that Attorney General Miller, imagining himself greater than the law, has been using official envelopes which go free of postage, for his private correspondence, and an effort is being made to indict him at Indianapolis. The fine is \$300 and imprisonment if not paid. If Miller is worthy of even being mentioned in connection with the supreme judgeship he cannot plead ignorance even if that were an excuse for the infraction of law.

The pension bureaus has rendered a decision that a Confederate soldier, who afterwards served in the Union army, is entitled to a pension on account of disabilities. He ought not to be though. A rope or the penitentiary would better suit the case of a fellow who would desert his colors, much less do so for the purpose of fighting against them.

We commend especially to our farmers readers the article on "Reciprocity" by Prof. J. S. Repert. He shows the fallacy of the leading republican's position and demonstrates in a forcible manner how his party would hoodwink the farmers, while really legislating for the benefit of its favorites, the monopolists.

It is announced that Uncle Ben Harrison will begin the publication of a daily at Bowling Green Jan. 1, with Judge J. W. Jones and Maj. R. M. Cox as editors, and is now engaged in moving his plant from Henderson. We hope the old man will strike it rich and live long to enjoy the good things of earth.

The city tax in Louisville has been fixed at \$2.17 on the \$100 with an additional amount yet to be fixed for parks. It costs something to live in a large city but then a man gets some value received whereas he can never see what he is paying out money for taxes for in a small town.

The Georgia legislature is a member who wears the euphemous cognomen of Potiphar Peazreen and his life is made so weary by the numerous bad jokes on his name that he almost wishes he had died in obscurity, or had written himself simply P. P. Green.

The Tennessee Supreme Court has announced that violators of the gaming law will be sentenced to jail upon conviction and will not, as heretofore, escape with a nominal fine.

Warrants have been issued by the U. S. government for the three men, who took an Italian's bear from him at Barberville and killed it. The prosecution was at the request of the Italian consul.

### NEWS CONDENSED.

—Only 10 republican patriots are striving for the Cincinnati post-office.

—Alfred H. Terry, Major General U. S. A., died Tuesday morning in New Haven, Ct., aged 63.

—The Lorillard Brick Works Co., of New York, has failed for \$7,000,000, with assets of between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000.

—After a long debate the House, by a vote of 187 to 82, passed Apportionment bill, fixing representation in that body at 336 members.

—The steamer Ohio, en route from Memphis to Cincinnati, struck a snag at Cottonwood Point Monday night and went down; loss \$35,000.

—A deficiency of \$2,500 has already been discovered in the accounts of the absconding postmaster at Decatur, Ala., and it is expected to reach \$5,000.

—White Buffalo Man, a son of Sitting Bull, says the killing of his father was right, but unless the government is prompt there will be serious trouble result.

—At Lexington Lewis Johnson, convicted of rape, was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. Alonzo John was given 26 years on three charges of house breaking.

—The Clearfield County Bank, Clearfield, Pa., has assigned. It is the property of Ex-U. S. Senator Wallace, whose indebtedness is \$400,000. The assets are said to be \$600,000.

—G. W. Simmons was shot at Argentine Kas, by James Neal, who surprised him in Mrs. Neal's room and shot and fatally wounded him as he tried to escape by back way.

—Republican Senators held their third canvass Wednesday night at Washington and decided upon a financial policy, which will provide for the purchase of \$12,000,000 silver bullion surplus; the reduction of the compulsory bond deposits of national banks; the extension of national banks' circulation to the full amount of their bond deposits and the replacement of the deficiency in the national bank circulation below \$180,000,000 by treasury notes based on silver bullion purchases. The bill will also provide for free coinage when silver is maintained at par for one year.

### CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

—The members will go home on their railroad passes to-day to enjoy a holiday at the State's expense till January 6. It is very likely that most of them will have their fun spoiled by hearing some disagreeable things from their constituents.

—After spending a week or two in debating the election clause in the Committee of the Whole, the members will now take a whack at it in convention. It has been finally decided that a man must be 21 years old, and has resided in the State one year, the county 6 months and the precinct 60 days before he can vote, but persons convicted of felony or treason, unless pardoned, those in confinement under judgment of the court for some penal offense, idiots and insane people will not be allowed the right of suffrage.

### MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—The much talked of marriage which was to have occurred this week, seems to have been declared off.

—Mr. J. F. Cash and Miss Pauline Douglas, of the Maywood vicinity, were married at the bride's home Wednesday.

—Sandford Wheeler and Mrs. Lillie Hampton, of Merec, both married, have eloped. Mrs. Hampton is a daughter of D. C. Terhune, the well-known stock dealer.

—Miss Lula, the pretty daughter of Mr. J. R. Richardson, of Somerset, and Mr. A. M. Girdler, a prominent young business man of that place, will be married Wednesday, 24th.

—J. W. Adams and Miss Enice Vernon, both of the Dripping Springs neighborhood, obtained license here Wednesday and were married at the bride's home yesterday by Rev. L. P. Johnson.

—Rev. W. W. Bruce, of the Hustonville Presbyterian church, and Miss Rose, daughter of Bro. Joe H. Hopper, were married at Perryville last night. The young people of Hustonville to the number of 20 or more hired A. T. Nunnelley's bus and went down to see the knot well tied.

### DEATHS' DOINGS.

—Abe Chaplin, a pioneer citizen of Mercer, died Monday.

—Henry Talbott, aged 78, was found dead in his bed at Paris Wednesday morning.

—M. S. Baughman received a dispatch Tuesday night informing him of the death of Morris, the 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hussing, of Somers set.

—The S. Bronston died suddenly at his home in Richmond, Wednesday. He was Secretary of State during Gov. McCrory's term and collector of internal revenue for the 8th district under President Cleveland and a splendid old Kentucky gentleman. He leaves a widow and 9 living children.

### HUSTONVILLE.

—The fame of Hustonville's new landlady, Mrs. Henry Caminitz, is fast spreading and should patronage continue to increase in the ratio of the past few weeks, a commodious annex or a

new and much larger building will be required to accommodate the custom.

—ELEGANT NEW HOLIDAY STOCK.—A complete assortment; any quantity of suitable gifts for old and young. Our display is worth your inspection. Don't wait until the last, but come at once and see our complete line of diamonds, jewelry, watches, clocks, silverware, novelties, &c. Weatherford & Cook.

—Jerry Cloyd, an industrious colored man of this place, had an ankle badly crushed in a hay press at Mr. J. Walker Givens' last week. Some imaginative acquaintance of Jerry's started a rumor that he thrust his foot into the press to arrest a runaway team which threatened the destruction of the machinery.

—Genial Lou Holmes, one of the cleverest pilgrims on the road, shared with his host of friends the Heine concert Friday night. We should have interviewed Lou on the inquiry of the McKinley bill as applied to tinware, etc., in his line, had it been opportune. Miss Fannie Lee Harper has gone on a visit to Miss Naomi Forsythe and other school girl friends at Harrodsburg.

—Miss Mary V. Carpenter, our home artist, is at home, after a prolonged sojourn at Pittsburg, where she has taught a large class in art. Her stay was particularly pleasant and, we hope, pecuniarily profitable. Miss Mary is an enthusiastic devotee to art and the few of her early specimens we have seen manifest a pronounced genius, which art critics declare of a superior order. We have long promised ourselves the enjoyment of a visit to her studio.

—Mr. J. W. Allen got back from the South Friday thoroughly disgusted with the mule market. Industrious verbal, epistolary and telegraphic inquiries failed to find a better market than Atlanta, hence with characteristic promptitude and sagacity Jim closed out at highest figures obtainable and hastened back for a new deal, which promises a return of some of his big losses. If a richly deserved prosperity, even approximately commensurate with Jim's indefatigable get-up-and-get, attended his enterprises, he would soon head the list of Kentucky capitalists.

—Capt. Joe Hudman appears to have construed literally the assurance that "Sinners stand on slippery places" and disregarded the warning against gravely and sonily foundations. In gliding over the icy sidewalk of one of Liberty's thoroughfares early last week he fell and fractured a knee-cap, which misfortune prevents his attendance at circuit court as clerk. We are glad to report that the captain has suffered but little from his misfortune and is hopeful of an early re-appearance at his desk, "good as new."

—Our old friend, Clint Jenkins, is sorely mystified and chagrined by the outcome of a favorite hen's faithful and prolonged incubation. As he was not aware of the exact time she began the required three weeks' maintenance of a uniform temperature, in a snug nest at the barn, he awaited the regulation time before investigating the why of old Speck's complacent persistency and was dismounded on lifting the hen to discover that she had hatched out a flock of kittens. What Uncle Clint would like the best in the world to know is who perpetrated that cruel substitution of eggs on an unsuspecting old hen.

### LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Quite a number of the boarders at Garrard College will spend the holidays at their homes.

—The young folks are thinking of giving an impromptu dance at the Holmes house one night next week.

—At last account Dr. Jennings Price was resting much easier. His son, Col. W. C. Price, of Danville, is here attending him.

—A young fellow giving his name as Skinner came to town Saturday night and filling himself up, proceeded to hold "Battle Row" up by the tail. Night Policeman Ed Finley went to him and he promised to leave town. As he started off he fired several shots at Finley, fortunately without effect. Finley then emptied his revolver at the then fleeing Skinner, but the night being so dark he failed to hit him. Skinner has not yet been captured.

—Miss Sallie Noel has been quite sick for a few days but is improving. Miss Addie Burnside returned Wednesday from Oxford, Ohio, where she has been attending college. Clyde Herring, of Louisville is here to spend the holidays. Mrs. J. E. Stornes attended the Hudson-Wilmore wedding at Nicholasville Wednesday. Miss Jennie Faulkner, one of the lady commissioners to the World's Fair, has returned from Chicago. Mrs. W. O. Bradley, daughter, Christine, and Miss Juliet Gill were in Cincinnati the first of the week shopping. Mrs. W. O. Sweeney is visiting in Louisville. Misses Hagan and Crutcher, of Richmond, and Miss Taylor, of Cincinnati, will spend the holidays with Miss Mamie Currey. Mr. Lou Brown, of Covington, will spend Christmas week with John M. Farr. Prof. M. D. Hughes and family will move to the residence of Dr. Hill the 1st of January. James I. Hamilton has rented Mrs. Fowles' property on Lexington street and will move in the first of the year.

—Mr. Attila Cox telegraphed the Courier-Journal on the 16th that the panic is broken and confidence restored. Mr. Cox no doubt believed that to be true when he telegraphed it, and yet the same paper reports the assignment of Hancock & Co., of Clarksville, Tenn., with liabilities estimated at \$180,000; also the

# What Means This All?

These Shouts of Joy! These Happy Hurrahs! It means that our ship is in and

## SANTA CLAUS IS ABOARD.

With the heaviest cargo of Christmas and Holiday Goods ever landed in Stanford. His proclamation is, sell everything in all departments of our vast establishment at lowest prices ever named in this town and vicinity.

## MAKE THE PEOPLE HAPPY,

And give them the Grandest Bargains of their lives. We will carry out old Santa's manifesto to the very letter. We will sell Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Trunks, Shoes, Carpets and Fancy Plush Goods at the lowest prices ever quoted to human beings, creating one of the grandest and most remarkable Holiday and Bargain Sales ever promulgated from the columns of the Interior Journal. Nothing will be considered. Costs, profits, values, all ignored. Christmas and New Year is the time when one's friends and relatives are presented with

## SOME COMMEMORATIVE TOKEN,

In the shape of a useful or ornamental article. We offer in every department an extraordinary opportunity to supply these wants with the highest character of merchandise at greatly reduced prices. We will also soon give away that handsome Plush Parlor Set; so secure as many tickets as possible.

## THE + LOUISVILLE + STORE

Main Street, Stanford, Ky.

M. SALINGER, Manager.

—AT—

## J. B. FOSTER'S

You will find

Dick's Famous Feed Cutters; the Cincinnati Water Purifier, the best Elevator made;

The Buckeye Force Pump, every one of which is guaranteed. Salt, Lime and Cement; a full stock of Wagon Material and Shelf Hardware; full line of Ranges and Cook Stoves, among them Bridgeford's Economist; Columbian; Heating Stoves, Enamelled and Plain Grates. Harness, Saddles, &c. Staple and Fancy Groceries. You will receive polite attention, and, best of all, rock bottom prices.

## GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE

Corner Somerset and Main Sts.

Our Motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

For Christmas Presents come and see our

Bisque Figures, Beautiful Glass Water Sets, Coal Vases, Tin Toilet Sets, Handsome Chamber Sets, Stand Lamps, Swinging Lamps.

### Groceries for the Holidays:

Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Apricots, Pears, Peaches, Raspberries, Pine Apple sliced, Pine Apple grated, French Peas, Beans, Yarmouth Corn, Tomatoes.

### DRIED FRUITS:

Layer Figs, Cooking Figs, L. L. Raisins, California Prunes, Leghorn Citron, Apples, Apricots, Peaches, Currants.

Mince Meat, Potted Meats, Canned Beef,

Gelatin, Chocolate, Cocoa,

Laundry Soap, Castile Soap, Toilet Soap,

A complete line of Plain and Fancy Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts.

EXTRACTS:—Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Strawberry, Banana, Pine Apple, Apricot, Orange, Cinnamon.

## MARK HARDIN.

The Old Reliable Jeweler in the Lead.



## A. R. Penny

Has the largest and

MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OF

Watches and Jewelry

ever shown in Stanford at prices as low as the lowest.

Remember that I have one of the best watch-makers in the State, who can do anything in Watch or Jewelry Repairing. Don't have to send jobs to the city. Engraving of all kinds beautifully done! Old gold and silver taken at market price. Your trade and work is solicited and I guarantee satisfaction.

A. R. PENNY.

STANFORD, KY., DECEMBER 19, 1890

E. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

## MEANS BUSINESS.

EVERYBODY invited to call at A. R.

Penny's and examine his stock of beautiful and useful holiday presents.

## PERSONAL POINTS.

WILL SEVERANCE is down with a severe cold.

WILL TRUHOLB AND THE OTHER SICK FOLKS ARE IMPROVING.

MR. AND MRS. W. G. SAGE AND MISS ORA, spent a few days in Louisville this week.

MISS J. C. McCARTY is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Bailey, at Crab Orchard.

MR. F. G. HAYES, of Louisville, was here this week to see his sister, Mrs. M. Springer.

MISS ALICE O'MARA, of Williamsburg, will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Steele.

MRS. MATTIE NEVINS AND MRS. W. F. McCARTY visited Mrs. J. K. McCARTY at Mt. Vernon this week.

MISS ANNIE BANGHAM WENT TO Somers Wednesday to attend the funeral of little Morris Hinsing.

DR. J. GIVENS AND WIFE, of Pittsburgh, passed down Tuesday to visit the doctor's relatives near Shelly City.

MR. S. H. HARRIS, a good friend of the L. J. and a No. 1 Rockcastle county denizen, was in town Wednesday.

AFTER confinement of 10 days at home with a severe cold, Teller W. M. Bright is back at his post in the Farmers' Bank &amp; Trust Co.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. WITHERS WENT TO Perryville, yesterday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Withers' mother, Miss Rose Hopper, to Rev. W. W. Bruce.

MISS MAGGIE ONSLEY left yesterday morning for Bowling Green to visit an old school mate. After spending a few weeks there she will visit her sister, Miss W. R. Manier, at Nashville.

GEN. W. J. LANDRY is here. He has a claim pending before Congress for several thousand dollars, growing out of his former connection with the internal revenue service as collector. The department, it seems, denied him certain fees that he claimed he was entitled to retain.—Washington cor., Louisville Times.

## CITY AND VICINITY.

READ Zimmer's "ad."

ALL kinds of produce wanted. A. T. Nunnelley.

PERFUMES from 15¢ per lb. and upwards. S. S. Myers.

THE McGIBNEY FAMILY at Walton's Opera House January 8.

FOR REST.—The cottage we live in, Lizzie and Mary Beasley.

THE L. &amp; N. now sends a through sleeper to Atlanta, via this division and Cumberland Gap.

PARKERS, bring the little folks to Hilton's, Junction City, to see the large stick of candy. It weighs 57 pounds.

B. G. ALFORD sold to Geo. W. Gentry and mother his house and lot near on Hustonville street for \$900.

THE L. &amp; N. will sell round trip tickets at 1½ rates, 2 cents per mile, on Dec. 21, 25 and Jan. 1, good till Jan. 5, '91.

THE LINCOLN COUNTY BUILDING &amp; LOAN ASSOCIATION will issue a new series of stock Jan. 1, '91. A. A. Warren, Secretary.

AN EXCELLENT and convenient cottage of five rooms has just been completed by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flowers on their farm near Rowland.

I HAVE SOLD OVER 300 rods of the celebrated Blue Grass Co.'s Hedge Fence in the last 2 months, but can't tell you or all orders given me. S. C. Pollard.

LOWLAND.—For photograph cards all styles for 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1 per dozen; best cabinets \$1.50 per dozen during the holidays, go to F. Cordier.

FOR RENT.—The property now occupied by Dr. J. K. VanArsdale in Stanford, Ky., possession given January 1. Mrs. T. Craig, Agent, Hustonville, Ky.

MISTAKE.—J. P. Sandifer writes that it was not his house that burned at Middletown, but one belonging to Mr. J. C. Thompson, of Lancaster, occupied by R. Russell.

MORELAND is but 8 miles from here, yet it takes from two to three days for a letter to reach here from there. What has become of the petition for a route via McKinney to Hustonville from here? The matter ought not to be allowed to sleep.

LITTLE PRISONER.—Mrs. Joe S. Jones presented to her husband on Wednesday an 8-pound girl—a Christmas gift, which that gentleman's very proud of. Mrs. H. W. Powers, of Columbus, or the youngster's grand-mother, was here to welcome the little stranger.

## HOLIDAY GOODS AT A. A. WARREN'S.

FLORIDA ORANGES 35¢ per dozen. S. S. Myers.

OHIO RIVER AND MICHIGAN SALT AT Hilton's, Junction City, Ky.

HILTON, Junction City, has the largest stock of Xmas goods south of the Ohio River.

DANGEROUS.—Cheap candy is unhealthy. Go buy the pure, recommended by physicians, from W. B. McRoberts.

THE DOCTORS haven't tested my candies but their wives and children have and pronounce them pure and wholesome. S. S. Myers.

RENTED.—Judge T. L. Shelton has rented his hotel, bar and bar fixtures to Gray &amp; Davis, of Paint Lick, for \$100 per month to take possession Jan. 1. The judge will keep house for the present and says he is going to lead a quiet, easy life.

THE CITY COUNCIL of Middlesboro, says the News, has decided to stop all contract work after Dec. 25th until March 1, owing to the stringency of the money market and difficulty in disposing of the city bonds. This has no connection with the town company's operations.

AS THE impression has been made on the public that Dr. J. G. Carpenter would only do office work, we wish to state the doctor will continue to do both office practice, surgery and general practice as formerly.

OFFICE, after 31st of December, on Lancaster street 3d door above Farmers' Bank &amp; Trust Co., opposite Court-House.

SOLID MILKWEED.—The Advocate publishes a list of Boyle county tax-payers who are assessed at \$10,000 and over and it numbers 169. J. C. Caldwells heads the procession with \$156,222; Peter Gentry comes next with \$106,975; W. B. Coal follows with \$95,325; M. J. Farris with \$87,800; R. G. Evans \$82,320; Thos. M. Roberts \$65,160 and so on down.

LIBERAL HOLIDAY RATES.—All ticket agents of the Kentucky Central and Newport News &amp; Mississippi Valley (E. D.) Railways will sell round-trip tickets every day from Dec. 20, '90, to Jan. 1, '91, inclusive, to any station on either road at the very liberal rate of ½ of the regular fare. Tickets go to return until Jan. 5. S. F. B. Morse, Gen'l Pass, Agent.

PIEKPOCKETS ON THE L. &amp; N.—John McCarty, of Jellico, was relieved of his watch at Junction City Tuesday night. He was sleeping in his bed on the train and awoke to find it gone. Yesterday a negro boarded conductor Holler's train at Elizabethtown and went through the pockets of a mountain man, who was too full of "long jones." The negro jumped off the moving train and of course was not captured.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.—While getting over a fence near Lancaster, Brent Hayes, colored, son of old man Brent, of Renfrew, was shot in the stomach by the accidental discharge of his pistol, which caught on one of the rails. The wound is a serious one and will very likely prove fatal. The weapon was a .44 calibre and the ball is believed to have taken an upward range and is lodged in his shoulder.

CASES FOR ILLEGAL WHISKY SELLING AT Hustonville continued to be presented against Neal Wicks, until 16 were brought in. Judge Varnon's court was at work on them all day Tuesday and piled up fines to the amount of \$300 and costs in eight cases, the other eight being dismissed. At this rate Mr. Wicks will find it cheaper to get out license, if he proposes to continue in the business.

HUNTERS ARE prone to think very hard of farmers who post their lands, but they do exactly right. The average hunter does not care how much annoyance he gives people and is exceedingly careless as to fences and gates, and is not particular as to the direction of his shots. A farmer in Madison had a valuable mare killed by a stray shot from one of a party of hunters and another lost a mule in the same manner.

THEY TOO.—Ward McAlister, the dashing New Yorker, who has made a reputation as an originator of fashions, says that mustaches are no longer the style and that he who desires to keep up with the times should have his face shorn of whiskers of any kind. This will be good news to the young men here who have tried in vain to sprout a mustache and it is to be hoped that they will follow the advice of the distinguished fashion-plate above.

IS IT WISE?—The rather fishy story comes from Detective Imboden that he succeeded in locating Wile Howard, the notorious Harlan outlaw and murderer. He was after him for the murder of a dead mate in Missouri and finally trailed him to California, to which State he recently went after him, only to find that he had been sentenced to the penitentiary last January under the name of John Brooks for a term of eight years for robbing the Wells-Fargo Express Co. Imboden asks Gen. Buckner to assist the governor of Missouri in getting a writ of habeas corpus for Howard to Missouri, or Kentucky for trial on the more serious charge of murder, for which he is indicted in both States, but Gov. Buckner will not interfere.

LITTLE PRISONER.—Mrs. Joe S. Jones presented to her husband on Wednesday an 8-pound girl—a Christmas gift, which that gentleman's very proud of. Mrs. H. W. Powers, of Columbus, or the youngster's grand-mother, was here to welcome the little stranger.

HIGHEST cash price paid for hides and furs at M. F. Elkin &amp; Co's.

FRESH BONES and pig feet to-day, which will probably be the last this season. E. P. Owsley.

A. R. PENNY is still selling watches, clocks and anything in the jewelry line at cost. They are selling like hot cakes. The stock is kept up, new goods arriving almost daily. But bear in mind that they sell for cash only. Bring the money when you.

FIRE AT JUNCTION CITY.—A little after 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the oven in the bakery of Mr. W. S. Bernard, at Junction City, caught fire and in a few moments the flames were communicated to the adjoining buildings, which belonged to Mr. F. S. Tuttle. They were occupied by him and his family, W. S. Bernard and D. A. Twaddle and were entirely consumed. Mr. Tuttle's loss is said to be \$7,000, with no insurance. Bernard had no insurance, but Twaddle had a small amount on his butcher shop fixtures. The store room of Thos. Barnett on the opposite side also burned, with its contents, and the loss of about \$1,500 is entire. The library stable of O. J. Thurmond and Weber's bar-room and residence caught several times, but were extinguished by the hard work of the fire brigade.

RENTED.—Judge T. L. Shelton has rented his hotel, bar and bar fixtures to Gray &amp; Davis, of Paint Lick, for \$100 per month to take possession Jan. 1. The judge will keep house for the present and says he is going to lead a quiet, easy life.

THE DOCTORS haven't tested my candies but their wives and children have and pronounce them pure and wholesome. S. S. Myers.

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## SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., - DECEMBER 19, 1890

W. P. WALTON.

### STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank in Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 13th, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.  
J. W. HOOKER, Cashier.

### STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 13th, for the purpose of electing Directors to serve the ensuing year.  
JOHN J. NICHOLSON, Cashier.

### FOR RENT OR SALE.

The House and Lot of 145 Acres on the Danville pike, one mile from Stanford, now occupied by Mr. F. Thurmond. It is well improved, has fine orchard, good garden and water.  
MRS. FANNIE DUNN.

### NEW SAW MILL.

I have finished my new Saw Mill on the Somerset pike, 7 miles from Stanford and am prepared to furnish my kind of LUMBER, SHINGLES, &c., at LOWEST PRICES. I will sell timber to members of the mill or deliver to purchasers. Give me a trial. Postoffice, MAYWOOD, KY.  
A. B. BASTIN

### WELL BORING.

I am well prepared to bore wells and will do the work in a good manner and promptly.  
At One Dollar a Foot.  
Call on or address me at Stanford.  
L. T. SMITH.

### Farm For Sale.

I desire to sell my farm of about 150 acres, situated 1 1/2 miles north of Stanford, 13th Knob Branch, a very fine stream. There are about 50 acres in wheat and rye; the balance of the farm well set in timothy. Good dwelling of four rooms and kitchen and a splendid new barn; is well watered and fenced. Possession can be given immediately. For particulars, see J. P. Bailey, Stanford, or write the undersigned at Cincinnati, Ohio.  
E. WITHERS.

### FOR SALE OR RENT.

#### 221 Acres of Land in Lincoln Co.

Part of the estate of R. W. Givens, dec'd.  
150 acres tract on the north side of the Stan-ford and Knob Lick Turnpike, adjoining K. Denny. A large part of this tract is excellent hemp land. The balance is in corn and grass.  
84 1/2 acres in grass lie south of said pike, ad-jointing A. K. Denny and Capt. Ben Powell, with 2000 feet of frontage on the turnpike. These are well watered and as a whole will make a good farm.  
Liberal time given on deferred payments.  
If not sold before January 1st, both tracts will be rented, separately if desired, for the year 1891.  
January 1.  
59-54 JAS. G. & W. P. GIVENS, Executors.

### HOUSE FOR RENT.

#### AND STOCK OF DRUGS FOR SALE.

Desiring to quit the drug business at Hustonville I offer my entire stock of fresh Drugs and Chemicals for sale. The stock is well selected and the business is a paying one in Hustonville. Will also rent the entire house my store is located in. The house contains 4 good upstairs rooms.  
52-53 G. A. WASH, Hustonville.

### POSTED.

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed.  
B. W. GAINES. J. B. MCKINNEY.  
Mrs. SAMFORD IRWIN. JOHN G. LYNN.  
Mrs. ALICE TUCKER. JOS. BALLOU.  
THOS. C. BALL. W. A. HAMILTON.  
M. R. RANOLUS. L. A. PHILLIPS.  
J. L. BECKER. Mrs. ALICE J. RAUGHMAN.  
F. M. WAKE. K. H. COOPER.  
W. A. COFFEY. Mrs. M. A. MARTIN.  
ROBERT BARNETT. J. E. BRUCE.  
W. P. GRIMES.

### FARM FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

On account of continued bad health, I desire to sell all or part of my 300 Acres of fine grass land at a bargain, in a final effort. Would sell 200 acres with improvements. Location one mile south of Stanford, and the laying of the farm is superb. There are all of the necessary improvements, including a frame dwelling of five rooms and hall, a large barn, a corn crib, and all buildings new and well made. For information, apply to 48-49 ROBERT McALISTER, Stanford.

### PUBLIC SALE.

Having sold my farm, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder on

**Friday, January 2, 1891,**

All my personal property, consisting of

Twenty head of horse stock, 1 combined saddle and harness, Stallion and 1 Jack. I have colts of both which will show breeding qualities. 1 yoke of work Oxen, 3 Milk Cows and some young Calves, 2000 lbs. of hay, 1000 lbs. of corn, some dried Beef, 200 lbs. Sheep, several good broad Mares, 1 King William, some of the best saddle and harness stock in the country. Wagons, Buggy, Buckeye Mower, Hay Rake, Plows and Farming Utensils generally. Household and Kitchen Furniture, grand Piano and other things too tedious to mention.

The weather is too bad, sale will be continued from day to day until completed. Sale will be at my farm on the Hustonville and Bradford's turnpike, 9 miles west of Hustonville, near J. F. Alister's Store.

DR. J. P. FLANAGAN,  
Towers Store, Casey Co., Ky.

**TAR-OID**  
THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR  
**PILES**  
SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, WOUNDS, BURNS,  
SORES, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, &c.  
PRICE 50 CENTS.

Send three two-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

**TAR-OID SOAP**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE,  
FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH,  
AND NURSERY PURPOSES.  
**TAR-OID CO., Chicago, Ill.**

For sale by A. R. Penny and M. L. Bourne, Stanford.

### THE YOUTH OF PARRELL.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ONE WHO  
KNEW HIM MANY YEARS AGO.

The Irish Leader That Was to Be Inher-  
ited Firmness, Courage and nerve—No  
One Thought He Would Be a Public  
Man—His School Days.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Parnell's career has been so brilliant and impressive that anything which illustrates his character or explains its strength, and the reasons for the bent of his intellect, possesses the greatest interest. His public life is known of all men, but of his early days, the promise of his youth, his habits and associations, much less has been heard.

Mr. H. B. Hammond, now the president of the Indianapolis and Decatur railway, who lives in New York, had an opportunity to see Parnell when he was in his college days, and to share in some of the social delights which made Mrs. Parnell's city home in Dublin so attractive some twenty odd years ago.

Mr. Hammond was appointed United States consul to Dublin by President Lincoln, and upon the suggestion of Charles Sumner and recommendation of Secretary of State Seward. He served in that office from 1861 to 1864. The Earl of Carlisle was then the lord lieutenant for Ireland, and Mr. Hammond was a frequent visitor at the castle, where he often met Mrs. Parnell. She was held in high esteem by the Earl of Carlisle, who pronounced her one of the most remarkable women he had ever met; whose social and personal charms were equaled by her mental endow-

ment. So conspicuous was Parnell's fondness for sports that he was esteemed among his college mates as bound to make a career as a gentleman sportsman. His own family seemed to have this opinion of him; they never regarded him as a young man of especial promise, and it is said that some of them looked with amazement upon the revelation of his powers which he made after becoming a member of parliament. The hope of the family was rather centered in the oldest son, who became a barrister and practiced in London. Another son, John Parnell, they thought would develop into a great financier and would perhaps become a political power. He seemed to have far more inclination for public activity than ever Charles Stewart Parnell indicated in the days of his youth. This son, however, was persuaded to come to America and buy a plantation. He did so, bought a peach farm, and has lived a quiet but happy and profitable life as a raiser of peaches in one of the southern states.

One of the daughters, she who was esteemed most beautiful, married a Mr. Livingstone, a very wealthy man, with an establishment in Paris, and there she lived for some years, moving in the very highest circles and dispensing hospitality in a manner which charmed the best elements of Parisian society. She is now dead. Fanny Parnell was thought by all the family friends, however, to be the most brilliant member of the family, and although her sympathy with the Fenian movement brought her on the one hand in contact with persons who had no claim to social distinction, yet on the other she maintained with supreme grace the honors of her mother's drawing room in Dublin.

The social position of the family was of the very best. On Sir John Parnell's side the family was connected with the British nobility, and the best of drawing rooms would have been cheerfully opened to Charles Stewart Parnell had he chosen to enter society. Besides that, the distinguished American family of his mother had given him an additional claim for social prominence. But he never cared for that sort of thing. He found his pleasantest society in the company of men, and was fond of a quiet dinner with his mates, where he revealed a genial side of his character which was not apparent to near acquaintances.

After Parnell was graduated from Oxford he was for a time in more intimate companionship with his mother and sister Fanny than he had been since childhood. It was the time when they were enthusiastically supporting the Fenian movement, and there is no doubt at all that it is due to the influence of his sister Fanny that Parnell's attention was first called to the Irish situation and his ambition stimulated. He did not agree with his mother or sister as to the success or advisability of the Fenian movement, but he spent many months in practical seclusion trying to solve the problem.

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Mr. Chaplin, British minister of agriculture, has always denied that in maintaining the restrictions on the importation of live cattle from the United States he has been actuated by any motives other than a desire to protect British stock from imported disease. But a speech which he made at a meeting of Tory farmers and others at Driffield, in Yorkshire, pretty clearly indicates that he entertains feelings anything but cordial toward the United States government, and that if he dared he would joyfully prohibit altogether the importation of American cattle. He professed sorrow at being compelled to restrict imports from friendly countries like Holland and Germany, but in regard to the United States he did not trouble himself even to feign regret. Amid the approving cheers and laughter of his audience he predicted a good time coming when British farmers would cease to receive store stock from America.

American exporters have been repeatedly warned against expecting any favor or consideration from Mr. Chaplin, and they may as well understand now that, so far as America is concerned, the policy of the British board of agriculture will become more of a protectionist nature.

The only chance of a change to a more friendly state of things for many years to come is a Liberal victory at the next general election. Should Mr. Gladstone return to power the consumers, who are complaining of high prices, would soon receive consideration, and the fiction that every foreign country was infected with cattle disease would be quickly exposed and denounced.

Meanwhile British farmers, who are Tories and supporters of the present government, almost to a man, are filling their own pockets.

In less than a year their cattle have increased by 300,000, their sheep and lambs by 1,140,000, and their pigs by 262,000. Chaplin promises still greater benefits in the immediate future, and the various agricultural societies, emboldened by their success in the past, will support him heartily in any further steps which he may venture to take against foreign countries in general and America in particular. These bodies are just now conducting a strong agitation in favor of the proposal that foreign meat sold in British markets should be labeled as such, the object, of course, being to depreciate the imported article and send up the price of home produce.

Mr. Chaplin has received an official notification from the department of agriculture at Washington to the effect that the meat bill and the new orders and regulations for inspection of cattle and sheep for export go into force at Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Boston, Charlestown, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Newport News. Doubtless Mr. Chaplin was in possession of this information when he went to Yorkshire to speak. It is therefore important to know exactly what he said respecting the meat bill. Here is a verbatim report of that part of his speech:

"You will have seen that power has been given to the president of the United States absolutely to prohibit the importation of goods from any country which, in accordance with his idea, might be acting unfairly to the United States. Well, the Americans considered themselves aggrieved that the English minister of agriculture should continue to insist that cattle from their country should be slaughtered at the port of debarkation, and it was hinted that in retaliation the president might absolutely prohibit the importation of Manchester, Birmingham and other British goods into America. I do not think I am likely to be less obdurate in the future because of this threat than I have been in the past, because the information of the board of agriculture is that, in spite of all the efforts made in America to extirpate pleuro-pneumonia, that disease still exists there. This being so, I conceive it to be the duty of the English minister of agriculture to continue to pursue precisely the same policy as he would have thought fit to pursue had this meat bill never been heard of at all."

—Post-Int. Cor. New York Sun.

Those who knew Parnell in his youth and college days are not surprised at the revelation which has been made of the weak spot in his armor: they think that his weakness was always in that direction, and they narrate some rather substantial reasons for such belief. Had he been as invulnerable to such temptation as he has been to all others he would have been perfectly equipped, his old acquaintances say, to carry on the fight until he won it.

E. J. EDWARDS.

The austerity, reserve and chilly demeanor which have so frequently been spoken of in connection with Charles Stewart Parnell therefore is not a mannerism, as many have supposed, assumed to defend himself, but is a family trait.

The children got it naturally enough. Sir John Parnell was thus constituted, and so was Commodore Charles Stewart, Parnell's grandfather on the mother's side.

Another family trait was known of all the friends when the children were small. That was physical courage of the supremest sort. That was an inheritance from the old commodore, who never knew what fear was. Fanny Parnell possessed this quality in the highest degree. She was daring almost to recklessness when she rode to hounds, and as a driver was happiest when she controlled the most spirited, nervous and excitable horses to be found in Ireland.

The other girls were brave, physically brave, and often displayed this fearlessness to the admiration of their mates. It is this quality of courage which has stood Charles Stewart Parnell in such good stead.

With his brothers and sisters, however, Charles Stewart Parnell was but little associated after the days of bubs and nurses. He was sent early to school, and afterward entered Oxford. During the long vacations he sometimes came away, but was more likely to remain home, so that it sometimes happened that the family did not see him for months at a time. He entered Oxford with a cousin named Edwards. His chief intimacy was with this relative, who is now, or was recently, a lawyer in Boston, but whose home is not Gardiner, Me. At Oxford Charles Stewart was inconspicuous. He was not a hard student. He had not many intimates, but was not so reserved or exclusive as to make many pleasant acquaintances.

His college mates thought that he

would develop into a respectable, sport loving country squire. He had inherited from his uncle, Sir Ralph Howard, of London, a comfortable property, which was well invested, and it was known that he expected to possess the Wicklow estate, of which he was very fond. He displayed, too, a mighty love of athletic sports, especially of shooting. In his vacations he was accustomed to go wherever good shooting could be obtained, and he usually spent the Christmas holidays in grouse shooting in Scotland. He was also very fond of riding and driving—a trait which he had in common with other members of the family—and he wanted the most spirited horses, and was happiest when he had a nervous animal to master.

So conspicuous was Parnell's fondness for sports that he was esteemed among his college mates as bound to make a career as a gentleman sportsman. His own family seemed to have this opinion of him; they never regarded him as a young man of especial promise, and it is said that some of them looked with amazement upon the revelation of his powers which he made after becoming a member of parliament.

The hope of the family was rather centered in the oldest son, who became a barrister and practiced in London. Another son, John Parnell, they thought would develop into a great financier and would perhaps become a political power. He seemed to have far more inclination for public activity than ever Charles Stewart Parnell indicated in the days of his youth. This son, however, was persuaded to come to America and buy a plantation.

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So conspicuous was Parnell

# "AN IDYLL OF OYSTER BAY"

BY  
GENIE HOLTZMEYER ROSENFIELD.

THIRD WEEK.

Oh, Clara, pity me! I have found my life just as I am to lose it!

I am writing this letter to you because I must do so or break my heart. Hans has promised to come under my window in an hour for it, for, Clara, I am no longer able to leave the house myself. I am a prisoner, locked up by Harriet lest I should see Mr. Douglas and give up every thing for him. Let me tell you all about it quickly, for the minutes fly and Hans may soon be here.

I told you last week how much I was seeing of Mr. Douglas, and how much I wished I were free to care for him. Clara, I have been a fool, a weak fool, and have let myself drift with the tide of my feelings without a thought, to the sharp rocks on which I might be drifting.

Harriet has been with us all the time. Harriet has approved of him, and there has been nothing to warn me that he thought any thing more of me than of an ordinary acquaintance until to-night.

We were all sitting on the porch watching the sun go down. He had rowed us home, and at Harriet's request stayed to supper. Clara, when I am old and all the life and passion has died out of my heart, I shall still remember the red glow of that sunset; the little ruddy dimpled each stroke of his oar made on the glowing bosom of the tide, the fleecy clouds overhead, deepening from pearl to rosy tints until they reached the water, when they were taken up and continued in deeper, stronger hues, till they reached our boat and enveloped us in their glory and splendor.

Sunset has undone more lovers than ever the cold, prudish gleam of moonlight.

Harriet was in the waist of the boat, he in the bow, and I steering. Over Harriet's shoulder he gave me one look. Clara, if that is the way all men look at the women they love, I no longer wonder at the power men have over us. It was as though some one had struck me. I was powerless to speak or even move! I sat silent, hardly daring to breathe and if my life had depended on it I could not have raised my eyes.

Harriet must have seen my face and interpreted its meaning. She was singularly pleasant to Mr. Douglas, and would ask him to supper when I was longing for him to go that I might be alone to fathom if I could the strange terror that possessed me.

Throughout the meal I did not speak, and I could have cried aloud when Harriet insisted on his sitting on the porch with us for awhile.

We were hardly seated when I found out her meaning.

"We'd better make the most of this evening," she said, "for to-morrow my niece and I have to go away."

I started, and so did he.

"Yes," she continued, quickly, before I could say a word. "It's time that my niece went back to her people; she's getting kind of notiony out here, and the notions she's getting won't be good for her," then going bolder as we both maintained silence: "I didn't say nothing to you about it, Nan, but I put your bits of duds together this afternoon, and we'll start by the first train to Long Island City in the morning."

I was silent, and for a few moments not a word was said; then from the cowshed came the voice of William Sayer:

"Harriet! Harriet! Come here! The old cow's a-dying, sure!"

The old cow was the apple of Harriet's eye, and without a word she rose and

toward a spot we both had often loved. A spring came down from the heights above to mingle with the waters here, and over its mouth a great tree had fallen, leaving a branch that had served us for a bench many times.

As we walked my feet slipped on a stone, and involuntarily I grasped his shoulder for assistance; when I would have withdrawn my hand he placed his on mine and held me fast, but spoke no word till we reached the seat. Then he stood before me and spoke:

"Nan," he said simply, "I love you! I love you with my whole soul. I ought not to tell you so, because your aunt told me two weeks ago that you were already promised to a young farmer near your own home. Hush, Nan, don't speak. You have been all that was sweet, womanly and modest, and had I not known this I should have had to leave you long ago, for I, too, am promised to another; I knew my love could not harm you, or I would have put the whole Atlantic between us days ago! But I could not let you go away forever without telling you. It can never do a woman harm to know that a man loves her and would make her the pride of his home if he were able. I feel, somehow, that I must tell you, Nan, and that I can do so without wronging the man to whom you are bound, or forfeiting whatever esteem you may have for me."

He was silent a moment, holding my hand in his and caressing it. Then he spoke again:

"You have always struck me as being so much above your position, Nan. It seems strange to find a girl of such fine sensibilities among such people as yours.



I GRASPED HIS SHOULDER.

and it is this gentle nature of yours that makes me feel that you will understand me to-night. You have been kind to me, Nan, and had we both been free, I think I could have made you love me, but it is better as it is, only, Nan, I want you to think of me sometimes; I want you to realize a little what you have been to me, and to know that your sweet friendship will be the one solace I shall take with me into the loveless life that lies before me."

"Loveless?" I gasped. "Yes, loveless! I have never loved any woman in the world but you, Nan; no woman's hand has ever lain on my shoulder as yours did just now—no woman's eyes have ever fled from mine as yours did in the boat this evening—I never thought of love till I thought of you—the whom I am bound in honor to marry does not love me, nor I her."

"Then why—" I began.

"Nan," he said, "don't you know what duty is? I have a dear mother—who has sacrificed herself for me a thousand times since she first gave me birth—she has deprived herself of necessities that I might have luxuries. My father, Nan, is a poor, blind, old man; for him and for my mother has done marvels. She sent me to college that I might be able to take the high place among men that she coveted for me, and to do this and feed myself of every thing. When I discovered the truth I vowed to repay her if it ever lay in my power. The opportunity has come; she who has till now never asked any thing of me in her life now asks that I marry this woman. At the time when my mother made this request it seemed nothing to me—I promised. Now, Nan, I find that it was a supreme sacrifice that she asked me, and though I would endeavor to keep my word to my mother at all costs, still if you loved me it would be almost beyond my power to do so, and I rejoice that you have no love for me to make the sacrifice beyond the power of human endurance."

Clara, what could I say? What could I do? Here was the love I had longed for, the deliverance I had prayed for, right within my reach, and yet not for me. Clara, you know by this time that I did care for him, and to have him feel confident that I did not and to believe in a wicked invention of that foolish Harriet's was too much for me. I felt every thing I cared for in the world slipping away from me, and I did what I could not help doing—broke down and wept.

In a moment his arms were about me. "Nan, my darling, why do you sob so? Tell me—is it—Nan, tell me, do you love me?"

What could I say, Clara? Nothing. I buried my head on his shoulder and could not speak, but how true it is that there are times when words are superfluous! He understood me perfectly and soothed me like a child. I will never forget the happy moments that followed. Then he spoke.

"You have been deceived," I said; "Harriet has deceived you. I am not bound to any one. It is true that in a few days I have to give my decision about some one—but I am free, absolutely free."

He hurried me down the bank to the boat that was beached below us, and in a trice we were off and rowing for dear life to round the point before Harriet should come back and miss us.

There was not a sound of the oar in the rowlock now; silent as death and as swift, we sped out into the darkling waters. A moment—two—and then we had rounded the point, and, stretching to his work with long, easy strokes, we were soon under the shadow of old Firefly.

Not a word did he speak as we sped along, only as we passed the rock which led to the first series of oars, and, leaping forward, took my hand and kissed it. Then he took the oars and, lifted me up, and, as my hand, led me

paced the beach again, and then came and stood beside me.

"Could you face poverty with me?" he asked. "Not such as you have here, but genteel poverty, where you have to struggle to keep up appearances, no matter how sad your heart, or how empty your purse. I am quite a poor fellow; would you be willing to share poverty with me?"

"I could—" I began.

"I know what you would say, you could work. But were you your wife I would not let you wear out your life working for me."

I paused. I was about to tell him the whole truth, when swiftly heavily down upon us came Harriet. She had missed us and flown along the beach after us. She was so enraged that she hardly knew what she was saying, and with her back to William Sayer and Hans she was formidable indeed.

"You're a fine specimen for a gentleman!" she began; "as for you Nan, I'll talk to you later. Get home at once! If it wasn't too late you should go back to your home this night!"

"You needn't be so angry with your niece, Mrs. Sayer," he said, soothingly. "If you had given us time we would have come back to you ourselves and taken you into our confidence. I have been asking Nan to be my wife."

He was silent a moment, holding my hand in his and caressing it. Then he spoke again:

"You have always struck me as being so much above your position, Nan. It seems strange to find a girl of such fine sensibilities among such people as yours.

"I can satisfy you about my respectability easily enough," he said, "I can offer your niece a comfortable home with my mother and father, and can give you a guarantee to keep her from want."

"You can, can you?" said Harriet, "and you think that would satisfy her? You don't know her! She's never done a hand's turn in her life, that girl hasn't! What do you make of her?"

"Nearly fifty dollars a week."

"Humph! She could spend that in gloves, and not know she'd had it!"

Mr. Douglas looked at me, amazed. Harriet however, went on quickly.

"She ain't no country girl! She's a city girl, and city bred, and you'd be cursing her in a month if I was fool enough to let you both have your way. Look at them shoes on the feet of her. I hid them away from her but she found them. If they cost a penny they cost a ten-dollar bill, and yet she knows no better than to wear them out here on them rough stones. Is that the wife for a man with nearly fifty dollars a week? Hoist your sails and pull up your anchor, young man, and be off and forget her as fast as you can. She's not for the likes of you. Besides she's promised to a man who'll get her all the shoes she needs."

Mr. Douglas' face had been changing as she delivered her harangue, but he managed to stammer out:

"But she says it is not true!"

"But I say it is, and I'm a good friend to you. You get out of here with the morning tide! Nan ain't for the likes of you!"

"Let me speak to your niece one moment!" he urged.

"Not a word," said Harriet, "and besides she's been deceiving you right along. She ain't no niece of mine at all."

With a cry Mr. Douglas threw up his hands and dashed off into the thicket, and Harriet, with the true instinct of a general, took possession of his boat, haled Hans lift me in—I was too dumb with anger and sorrow to resist—and thus we rowed home.

Without further parley Harriet ushered me into my little bedroom, lit my lamp, and remarking dryly that I should thank her for her night's work when I was "quit fooling," whisked out of the room and locked the door on me.

My window is pretty high up from the ground, but half an hour ago I heard a tapping on the shutter. I opened it; it was Hans. In sailor fashion he had clambered up the rough boards.

"I wanted to tell you," he whispered, "that I thought the misus was treatin' you powerful mean, and if there is any thing I kin do I'll do it. Blessed if I won't."

"Come back in an hour," I whispered; "I may have a letter for you."

"For the yacht?" I nodded and he disappeared.

I sat down to write to Mr. Douglas, Clara, but I could not. I would in the first place have to ask him to break his word to his mother and to that other woman, and all for the sake of one who could not fail to be burden to him. I would have to tell him that every word that Harriet had spoken was true, and I could not do it, Clara. I feel the force of Harriet's words. I should be a drag on him, and a hindrance to him, and it's better that I pass out of his life, and let him pursue the even course laid out for him before the unhappy hour when first we met.

Ah, Clara! it gives me some sad comfort to know that my love for him is strong enough to let me sacrifice my own happiness for his.

Good-bye, dear; I hear Hans outside. Be kind to me, Clara, and pity me that next week I must give my promise to that doubly hateful Pryor D.

Your Broken-hearted Friend,  
NANETTE VAN CORTLAND.

P. S.—Oh, Clara! What do you think? Hans tells me that Mr. Douglas has just been here for his boat, and that he, Hans, told him all he knew about me, and that Harriet had not been speaking the truth, and that I was crying, and here, Clara, right before my eyes I have a penciled note from him. This is what it says: "Nan, I do not sail till five; I will wait here for a word with you all the night. Hans says he thinks he can bring you to me. I feel sure that you can bring you to me. I feel sure that you can. Nan, nothing shall part us."

"Hans," I said, "you're gone," he gasped, the wind blowing his words back down his throat, "and she says you're to come right back along o' me, Miss Van Cortland."

Douglas let go the wheel and left it.

"Miss what?" he cried, springing to his side.

"Van Cortland!" I said, surprised.

"Is your name Van Cortland?"

"Yes."

Douglas' yacht. We are in New Rochelle harbor, and to-morrow is the day I have to render my decision to my lawyer. I shan't go to his office, though; he is coming here to my wedding, my wedding with Douglas, and while I am writing to you Douglas' mother is sitting beside me interrupting me every now and again to tell me what a good, brave, noble fellow her son is. As if I had not found that out for myself ever so long ago.

Let me tell you:

About ten o'clock that awful night I wrote you about it, Harriet entered the room and gave me a long lecture on my indiscretions, and upon the sin of flying in the face of Providence and making a poor drudge of myself, when I could have all the money in the world that I wanted just for saying so. I listened to her patiently. Had I not got Douglas' letter safely buttoned up in my frock, and at every heart beat couldn't I hear a faint crackle of the paper it was written on?

At last she got drowsy, and bidding me good-night went out, locking the door behind her and taking away the key. Soon after I heard her go to her room, and all was quiet.

I waited breathlessly, expecting Hans to come for me, but an hour went by; then Harriet went down-stairs and out into the cow-shed.

I remembered Douglas' wish bitterly. The cow was needing an all-night treatment, and I should never see him again. I laid my arms across the table by the window and cried bitterly, and in crying must have fallen asleep, for I knew no more till a hand was laid on my head.

I started up! It was Hans.

"It's four o'clock, you must hurry," he said; "she's been round all night with that cow!"

Without a word I obeyed his instructions. Hans crept softly over the sill, tilted a piece of rope around my waist, directed me to crawl out of the window, and gently lowered me into the arms of a figure waiting below. Douglas.

Stealthily he hurried me down to the boat, but in a moment Hans was after us.

"Where are you going?" he said, "you can't take her nowhere in that boat. I'm deaf and dumb, I am. Say all you've in mind to right here, and I'll put her back in her room without any one knowing she's been out of it."

Douglas paused.

"Nan, he said, "and you think that would satisfy her? You're to be my wife. I have been brought up in luxury; I do not know any thing about earning my living—but I am free. In a few days I would have had to decide whether I would marry a man I do not love for the sake of the wealth the marriage would bring me. Harriet wishes me to marry this man—but since I have seen you—I can't say it is not true!"

"You do love me, then?" he exclaimed, rapturously.

I drew back.

"What she said was true," I said, slowly. "I am not her niece; I have been brought up in luxury; I do not know any thing about earning my living—but I am free. In a few days I would have had to decide whether I would marry a man I do not love for the sake of the wealth the marriage would bring me. Harriet wishes me to marry this man—but since I have seen you—I can't say it is not true!"

"I draw back."

"Anywhere, everywhere!" I replied.

"Hans," he called, "Miss Nan has promised to be my wife. I want to take her with me on the yacht to my mother in New Rochelle. Will you come with her and deliver her into my mother's hands?"

Hans' only answer was to shove off the boat and lift me in.

In fifteen minutes we were at the yacht's side. Already there was a stir on board. It was ten minutes to five, and the two men who sailed her were anxious to be off.

The boat was hauled up, the anchor weighed, and in a few minutes the wind

were belling out the sails and we were off.

Oh! those sweet first moments as she answered to her helm and with the glad bound of an impatient horse burst her pretty nose in the waters and sent them bubbling and seething along her sides.

Suddenly there was a cry:

"Look out there! Boat ahoy! Look out!" and to Douglas, who was at the wheel, a cry of: "Put her hard down to port, sir!"

Rush up alongside of us sped a cat-boat, and its occupant, with a dexterous lunge, fastened himself to us with his boat-hook.

It was William Sayer. The lumbering old o

## Some Suggestions as to County Roads.

(To the Editor Interior Journal.)  
The enormous expenses of Lincoln county during the year 1860, shown in the recently published list of the last court of Claims, have occasioned considerable comment among the farmers and property-holders of the county, upon whom rest the principal part of the burden of taxation; and, as I was one of the magistrates composing that court, which allowed these claims, I desire, through your valuable paper, to state just in what these expenses consist, and offer some practical suggestions that will in the future reduce in some measure the heavy indebtedness saddled every year upon the people of Lincoln county. I might also state that besides motives of public benefit, I have been prompted to do this by the request of several prominent citizens, who have seen the efficacy of my resolution affecting debtors' claims, introduced at the last court of claims, and which is too well known to need a recapitulation here.

The indebtedness of Lincoln county for this year, ending in October, aggregates the astonishing sum of \$14,000, which is the heaviest claim that the county has sustained for years, and what is more alarming, these figures, judging from the growing indebtedness of the last three years, show a tendency to increase instead of decrease. The principal items which go to make up this prodigious debtor column are expenses of keeping in repair the county roads, maintaining the poor-house and its diversified train of dependents, feeding and clothing the indigent outside of the poor-house, salary of the county officials, and debtors' claims, the last of which has been disposed of by my resolution adopted at the last sitting of the court of claims. And first of the county roads:

Every year there is expended on the dirt roads of Lincoln county something in the neighborhood of \$2,500. Under the present system of road-making this amount is absolutely thrown away. But some may say this is mere assertion without proof. Let's look, however, into the intricate mazes of the system. On a certain day the overseer "warns in" the "hands," who to the number of from 10 to 40, come with their spades, shovels, mattocks, hoes, diggers, pocket-knives, pipes and tooth picks, eager to show their adaptability for work. The overseer, perhaps, brings his "wagon and team" and so do some of his kinsfolks, or neighbors who live nearest. These latter gentlemen seem to have the idea of monopoly; and while they are busy, creeping along to and from the sand beds and stone ledges, making about a half-dozen loads per day, yet getting their \$2.50, the other fellows, those horridly handed spade pushers and hoe-lifters, who get not a penny, nothing but their country's thanks, strung out in little squads along the road, are laying in the shade, talking religion, politics and neighborhood gossip, or maybe, "shooting craps," waiting, as they would say, for the teams to come with another "spread" of gravel and rock. Thus, between the two classes of laborers, the road, like the bat in the fable, assailed by Mr. Owl, in one place and by pins in another, soon comes to grief. In this manner the hands, as a general thing, "put in their time;" the haulers, thinking only of their taxes paid thusly, and the other fellows striving each to kill the most minutes. After such work is done, what is there to show for it? Not a single bridge, not one hard pull the less; nothing save a few ditches, shallow as a hog trough and a few leafy branches thrown over the "bad places" to make them the more seductively dangerous. In fine, a non-resident in passing over the roads two weeks afterwards could not tell in a majority of instances that they had ever been worked. Now if there is no benefit to be derived from the expenditure of \$2,500, better were it in the pockets of the honest tax-payers, to be devoted to missionary purposes, or to a national campaign fund. The roads need to be managed under a better devised system; that's the long and short of it.

I therefore suggest that the county court appoint a magistrate in each magisterial precinct, whose duty it shall be to go over the roads in his precinct, at least once a year, a few days before the meeting of the court of claims, and make a thorough inspection of all the work done on said roads, and obtain the names of the overseers thereof, so that when he comes before the court of claims he will be practically acquainted with the nature and extent of the work, which the county, through him, must pay for, and if the overseer in any case has failed to do his duty, let the magistrate report him to the grand-jury. Such surveillance would remind the overseer of the responsibility of his position, put him on his guard, and cause him to exert from his hands, both the haulers and spreaders, more concentrated and effectual work. I believe that half the money expended annually on the roads could thus be saved by this prudent and economical course, and \$1,250 is quite a sum to the tax payers. But he is not tearing his shirt so much because \$2,500 have been expended on the county roads. What he is recalcitrant about is that his money is gone and there is no visible improvement in the highways, over which he and his children pull and fret, bump and jostle on their way to

market, church and school. If he pays for a road it is no more than justice that he should have one; and half the amount which he pays would suffice to make a far better one than what he has been forced to accept in the past. If my views are not set down upon I hope that they will have the effect, at least, of arousing other thinking minds on the subject, for every public-spirited, patriotic citizen certainly feels an interest in a matter which concerns so much the convenience and prosperity of the whole county.

JAMES A. CHAPPEL.

Crab Orchard, Dec. 16.

## Politics at the National Capital.

(To the Editor Interior Journal.)  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Mr. Garrison's little scheme of pushing the Force bill for his own personal benefit is at last slowly beginning to percolate through the brains of the other presidential candidates, and the result is a decided coolness towards the measure on the part of a number of leading republicans. It is believed that Mr. Garrison is figuring that the thousands of supervisors and deputy supervisors, who would be appointed under the bill, should it become law, might be utilized to form the basis of a Garrison machine that might control enough of the State delegations to the next republican national convention to insure his nomination.

There is a very strong probability that the Force bill will be shelved for good this week. The administration and the republican senators of the Hoar stripe have heard from the people, and are in almost a panic in their anxiety to do something to satisfy the public demand for more money, and yet they are mortally afraid that when once a financial bill of any kind gets before the Senate a substitute providing for free coinage will be adopted. It was this fear which caused certain senators to attempt to get democratic senators to promise that if a bill was introduced authorizing the secretary of the treasury to purchase anywhere from twenty to thirty millions of dollars worth of silver bullion they would not offer free coinage as a substitute for it. It is needless to say that no democrats made any promise; it is the policy of the democratic senators to keep clear of all entanglements, in order to be prepared to take advantage of any circumstances that may occur to secure legislation in behalf of the people.

Mr. Garrison has, I am credibly informed, changed his mind to send a special message to Congress intimating what kind of a financial bill he would sign. He has so little influence in Congress that it matters little what he recommends.

No nomination for the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court has yet been sent to the Senate, and I am told by a republican senator that it is doubtful whether it will go in until the Force bill is disposed of because Mr. Garrison has tendered the appointment to Senator Spooner, and he is afraid to have him leave the Senate before the vote is taken on the Force bill—the margin is too small to lose a vote.

The farce, called an investigation of the pension office, has been resumed by the House committee. The committee shows a great deal more anxiety not to find crookedness than it does to find it. An attempt will be made to get the committee to look into the methods by which a son of Commissioner Ramm became attorney for a large number of applicants, whose claims had been practically pigeon-holed in the office before he received.

The bill reducing the fee for obtaining an increase in pension to \$2 has been favorably reported to the House. This is a hard blow to the pension sharks, but Secretary Noble is trying to strike them still harder by getting all the States to adopt the system now in vogue in Massachusetts, Minnesota and Wisconsin, of having the attorney general of the State look after all applications for pensions free of charge.

The re-appointment bill providing for a membership of 350 to the House of Representatives has been reported to the House, and the republicans having tacitly agreed that New York should have whatever additional representation it is entitled to, should there be a recount in New York City and Brooklyn, it is not thought that the democrats will oppose its passage.

Senator Vest has presented to the Senate a memorial from the National Bankruptcy Convention urging the immediate passage of the Torrey bankruptcy bill, which passed the House at the last session. A number of petitions against its passage have been received from the northwestern States.

The notorious ship subsidy bills which passed the Senate at the last session were too much for the republicans of the House committee on Merchant Marine and they have agreed upon a single bill as a substitute for both of them. The new bill combines many of the features of the other two, and is certain to pass the House, more's the pity.

Representative Crain of Texas, has reported from the House committee on post-offices, a resolution calling on the postmaster general as to the extent and grounds for complaints of inefficient post-offices service in Texas and other States.

There isn't as much talk about Mr. Blaine's reciprocity schemes as there was a short time ago and a suspicion is arising that the administration isn't giving the secretary of state any earnest support in this matter.

## The Terrible Experience of a Lancaster Man.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.)  
LANCASTER, Dec. 17.—Seven miles north of here, near Dix River, there is a famous group of hills known as Burdett's knobs. Several days ago Mr. Louis Landrum, a prominent young lawyer of this place, went with dog and gun into that region to shoot quail, and for a time he had excellent sport. About noon, however, a heavy shower came on, and he walked up a deep, rocky gorge with the hope of finding shelter. Seeing an opening in the cliff on his right, he entered it and was surprised to find himself in a large winding gallery with craggy and precipitous walls on either side and with roof that rapidly ascended to a considerable height.

About 30 feet from the entrance was an object that arrested his attention. It was a gigantic piece of stone, oblong in general outline and weighing hundreds of tons, resting in an oblique position on a high, projecting ledge, with its huge crest creased into a gloomy gap in the cavern's roof. As apparently more than half its weight was suspended over the passage, it looked as though a slight shock or the pressure of a finger might cause it to come crashing down. It was one of those death traps of nature, grim and sinister, sometimes seen in subterranean chambers or upon precipices.

It is well known that Mr. Landrum is an adventurous disposition; he is also a geologist of no mean repute. The excitement found in penetrating the unexplored, so fascinating to daring spirits, allured and emboldened him. With the belief that he should make some interesting discoveries here he advanced boldly into the cavern. As he did so his dog suddenly curled its tail between its legs and made speedy exit. At the same moment Mr. Landrum saw two fiery eyes glaring from a dark corner. Hurriedly raising his gun he took quick aim and discharged both barrels simultaneously. He never knew what the animal was or what became of it, for the infernal din that followed through the cavern was instantly followed by an awful crash, dense column of dust and sudden darkness and he was thrown violently forward on his face and almost buried beneath masses of falling sand.

He scrambled up bleeding and gasping for breath; wild-eyed and appalled, he realized that the great boulder had plunged head-first into the passage. Its towering and colossal form, with great quantities of earth and fragments of stone, was wedged tightly in the corridor, constituting a mighty barrier that arose black and frightful between himself and liberty. He saw no way of escape. The gloom of midnight enveloped him. Moreover, a vast army of bats, disturbed by the detonation and shifting sand, began to swarm thickly along the passage, many of them alighting on his person. They were of remarkable size and ferocious and seemed disposed to attack him. He was forced to beat them off with a swift and vigorous movement of his arms. They swept forward in enormous flocks, as if to escape, and that quarter of the cavern was soon alive with them. Perplexed and only half aroused from hysterical terror, thousands precipitated themselves against the rocks and fell upon the floor, where they dappled awkwardly about. They collected in seething heaps upon every rock and ledge; the air was thronged and noisy with swishing wings. They swarmed on Landrum's back and shoulders like bees. They dashed against his face or clung screaming to his hair and beard. This multitude of busy wings stirred and whirled about in bellows the dry dust of centuries, it invaded and irritated the hunter's laboring lungs.

Threatened with suffocation he increased the activity of his movements. He became fierce, savage and each instant he hurled hundreds of the squeaking creatures upon the earth and trampled them under foot. His footing was now precarious for the cavern's rocky bottom had become slippery with blood and entrails of mangled bats. He was without resource or shelter, in the midst of a horrible tempest. That he should preserve his presence of mind under these conditions is wonderful, but that he did so is indicated by that which now transpired.

Shaking himself free of his tormentors for a moment, he doffed his thick linen coat and pouring over it the stimulant and combustive contents of a quart bottle that he carried in his hip pocket, he ignited it with a match and as it blazed fiercely up he began to whirl it, a circle of roaring flame and pungent smoke about his head. The effect was magical. The smoke and flame were intolerable and every bat that could use its wings began a precipitate flight to other quarters.

It was a chiropterous panic. In that spectral light Landrum was for the moment transformed into something inhuman, diabolical. Issuing from the pockets of his burning coat and mingling with his unearthly utterances, could be heard the sounds of bursting shells. Rushing from side to side of the cavern, his hair tumbled over his forehead in tangled masses and his face distorted with rage, he whisked the blazing torch hither and thither, scorching great numbers and burning many alive, until the vast host of horrid creatures had been driven back into the recesses of the cave. Panting like a tired animal, his face streaming with sweat, he began to consider the possibilities of escape from his damnable captivity. If any avenue of

escape over the lofty summit of the boulder still existed, which was doubtful, it would have been madness to attempt to reach it in the reigning darkness, either by attempting to scale the barrier itself or by clambering up the steep and jagged walls of the cavern.

It remained to be seen then whether there was any vulnerable point about the posing mass. By the light of a sickly blaze that played over a remnant of his burning vestment, he picked up his gun and thrust the barrel into the earth and sand at one side of the giant rock. The debris vibrated little by little to his attack, and with the energy of a man entombed alive and desperate with the desire for liberty, he dug out quantities of earth and prised up fragments of stone.

He again knifed in his bosom and at the expiration of a period embracing about seven hours, during which the labors of a Titan were performed, he had succeeded in making an opening around the barrier large enough to admit his body and through this hole he squeezed himself. In his hand he held the battered and twisted barrels of a gun and just as the moon arose behind the timber on the opposite cliff he passed out haggard and gaunt into the chilly night.

H. C. S.

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He desires to thank the public generally for their patronage during the year just closing and hopes by fair dealing to all and the very lowest living prices to merit a continuance.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Miss Croxton's dancing school closed last Friday night, after giving 20 lessons in that art. The hop club will give a hop at the Opera House during the holidays.

—Mr. George Hocker, assessor, has just completed taking a list of the taxable property of Boyle county, which totals up \$7,000,000. \$500,000 more than last year.

—Thomas F. Durham and mother have rented one of the new cottages on Main street, opposite Dr. Johnstone's sanitarium and have gone to housekeeping. H. B. Farris, who recently moved here from Crab Orchard, has accepted a position as clerk at the Gilcher House.

—Rev. Samuel McKee, son of Rev. J. L. McKee, of this place, will be married to-day, 16th, to Miss Jessie C. Wilson, of La Crosse, Wis. His brother, Lapey McKee, will officiate. They go to Ft. Dodge, Iowa, to live, where Mr. McKee has charge of a flourishing Presbyterian church.

—Although it has been several months since the freight depot at this place was burned, the company has never rebuilt. It causes much worry, both to the company and our merchants, as the goods are delivered out of the cars they are shipped in, which causes delay often.

—The Robert L. Moore place, 3 miles west of Danville on the Lebanon pike, was sold last Monday, county court day, before the court-house door. Humphrey Hudson, of Garrard, was the purchaser, paying for it \$82.95 per acre. Mr. Hudson sold his place on which he has been living near Bryantsville to John Woods for \$50 per acre; the place contains 141 acres. They will each take possession Jan. 1, '91.

—There probably is not an older negro woman in the country than one who lives in this county. When a slave she belonged to the Jackson family, of this county, and since her freedom she has continued to live with them. She is now living at R. Q. Davis' and is still able to do some work. Through the winter season she knits, quilts, etc., and in the summer attends to raising chickens. She nursed all the Jackson family, and some of them are pretty old themselves. Mr. R. Q. Davis is 82 years old. Her age is 102 years.

—The meeting at Cynthiana, conducted by Revs. Evans and Hopper, has resulted in 8 additions to last reports.

—The case of Mr. A. P. Ricketts against the L. & N. railroad company for \$20,000 damages, for loss of an arm, resulted Monday in a verdict of \$7,500 for Mr. Ricketts.—Lebanon Standard.

—The Middlesboro News says that a company of gentlemen from New England has purchased the Opera House block, the White Block and the building now occupied by the Coal and Iron Bank for \$75,000.

—Jack Hawley, one of the most daring horse thieves Montana ever produced, was captured at West Liberty, Ia. Three years ago he stole 1,500 ponies from a Montana ranchman, took them to Texas and sold them for \$10,500.

Colored Department.

James Green, a colored man of 21, died at Boneville yesterday.

A literary entertainment will be given at the Baptist church on the night of the 26th for the benefit of the church. Admission 10 cents. A festival will also be given. Mrs. W. H. Whitley and M. Olmstead are the managers.

—Chief Powderly and a number of prominent alliance leaders are opposed to the call for a third party convention, to be called at Cincinnati Feb. 23.